Me thought all his ſenſes were lockt in his eye,
As iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe,

Prin. Come to our pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Bro. But to ſpeake that in words, which his eye hath diſcloſ'd.
I onely haue made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

*Lad.*1. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

*Lad.*2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweet ayre, go tenderneſſe of yeeres: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues